### DODGE'S CAESAR.

THE MILITARY HISTORY OF THE GREAT COMMANDER.

CAESAR. A History of the Art of War Among the Romans Down to the End of the Roman Empire, with a Detailed Account of the Campaigns of Calus Julius Caesar, With 258 charts, maps, plans of battles and tactical manoeuvres, cuts of armor, acepons and engines. By Theodore Ayrault Dodge, ivo, pp. 722. Houghton, Midnin & Co.

it was to have been expected that Mr. Dodge would devote much care and space to the military career of Caesar in his fine series of great com-manders; and he has certainly fulfilled all expectations in this respect. It is, of course, not possible in these days to write about Caesar in a cursory manner; the material at the author's hand has s accumulated that no matter what aspect of Caesar's life may be selected for illustration the abundance of the available commentaries is source rather of embarrassment than of aid. main authorities upon Caesar are no doubt few in number, and much less full, and in some instances much less trustworthy, than the world would have But a long series of specialists, particularly as regards the art of war, have thrown a flood of light upon the subject, and after the exhaustive labors of Stoffel it might seem almost hopeless to bring forward any new facts or interences.

Dodge, however, has rightly made up hi mind to do his own work in his own way, and he prepared himself for it by carefully going over the whole ground of Caesar's campaigns in person. It is needless to say that such a preparation gives to his subsequent criticism a breadth and an in telligence which it would have been impossible to attain in any other way, masmuch as even Stoffel's review of the military operations of Caesar cannot, for another mind, nave the finality of cer-tulaty. As it is, Mr. Dodge has written an acsount of the military career of Caesar which, while marked by the greatest care and penetration, errs, if at all, in the direction of what may perhaps b thought a too stringent and almost merciless criti-

Such a tone, indeed, is not at first repellant, especially to those who remember with what scanty judgment non-military historians have treated Caesar. The general tendency has been to overpraise all his military operations, and to credit him with an almost infallible perception and insight. Even Moumsen, as Mr. Dodge observes, has fallen into this temptation, the inevitable effect of which is to discredit the com mander with all who really understand anything of the art of war, and to produce in them the impression that he is greatly overrated. Such an impression is erroneous, no doubt, for the true greatness of Caesar's military genius ought by this time to have passed beyond the possibility of doubt or dispute. But it is none the vary that all the truth should be told concerning him and his methods, and that his failures, of which there were not a few, should be remembered with his successes.

It would be unjust to Mr. Dodge to convey the notion that there is anything at all carping in his criticism. So far as can be perceived, he gives Caesar full credit for his brilliant military tactics and his successive victories over great odds Where, however, he does not appear to make al the allowance not merely possible but reasonable is in regard to Caesar's employment of what, on the surface, is apt to look like inadequate means at times. But it is surely precisely at this point that the genius of the great commander is most strongly in evidence. He had labored with his legions until he had created of them a specially powerful instrument, with which he realized that the greatest enterprises could be safely undertaken. - It might be conceded that no other com mander of that age could have done with them what he did; but that is precisely because he was Chesar, and had no peer in military tact, judgment and genius.

There are, however, not a few points in his career open to expert criticism, and Mr. Dodge has in every case found out the defects in his ar mor. No doubt Caesar learned the art of war sometimes in a very costly manner for his legions Every step in his military education may be said to have been grounded upon some check or reverse. By all these he profited, though it cannot be said that he never committed the same errors twice. In fact, he did duplicate his fals moves, as the second compaign against Britain illustrates, for example. But in the course of the Years devoted to his training in the field he came to learn many things which were for the most part hidden from his contemporaries. He realized early the vital importance of swift move ments in war, and also the equally vital necessity of concentrating his forces. And in his skill of concentration, perhaps, lay the secret of that seeming rashness which impelled him so frequently to the most important operations with seemingly inadequate, and at least inferior, forces

The truth would seem to be that in all these cases he manifested a superlative military judgment. He knew his own troops and of what they were capable. He had trained them, and was familiar with the springs of all their possibilities Sometimes it happened that he ran the thing, as a sporting wan might jut it, a little too fine; that did not allow enough for the resistance o tenacity of the enemy; and that in consequence the issue remained in the balance over long and endangered his plans. When, however, that happened, Caesar was always capable of bringing fresh resources of his own to the peril, and never did he fail to overcome the odds which seemed t be weighing against him and perhaps on the point of bearing him down. Take the Gallic campaigns for instance, upon which our author has these just observations: "The Gallie campaigns are peculturly interesting to the military student as showing how Caesar schooled himself and his legions. He began with but the ordinary militory training, on a small basis of experience: h ended as a great general, with an experience which enabled him to rise to the most astounding height. His legions commenced green and untried; the ended as veterans equal to conquering the world Each became so wedded to the other that mutual confidence and affection made the army command ed by Caesar irresistible."

was impossible that during this period of school ing Caesar should not make mistakes-grave ones But all his mistakes bore fruit, and raised the qualities of both general and legions. One can see, step by step, how Caesar's successes and failures alike produced their effect; how his inborn ability came to the surface; how he impressed his ewn individuality on whatever he did; and how his intelligence led him to apply whatever he learned to his future conduct. No praise is to high for the conduct or moral qualities of the army. From Caesar down, through every grade all military virtues were pronounced. zation and discipline, ability to do almost any work, endurance of danger and trial, toughness and courage, it was a model for the rest of Rome, but del unhappily not imitated. And not only his legionaries, but his auxiliary troops, were im-bued with the same spirit-all breathed not only devotion to Caesar, but reflected in a measure his

But all this was gained at heavy cost, for "i

These were the reasons why Caesar could you ture so much and so greatly upon his legions; and it can never be forgotten that he himself had brought about the conditions which made the army what it was. In a word, he aimed to pro duce an instrument so finely tempered that it coarser instrument, and this, one may well conis the fundamental explanation of his un dertaking so many things with apparently inforces. One other consideration is, however, pertinent. Caesar bore a certain affect tion to his legions, but there never was in his relations to them anything which would have prevented him from sacrificing them to the last

biographers have done, but the plain truth is that the term. His whole career shows that could be, and that he often was, extremely

by such waste of human life as strikes horror to the student. It is calculated that not less than a million souls perished in these campaigns; and a large humber were swept away by massacres of the most ruthless type. Moreover, Caesar could be cruel when there seemed no real neces sity for harshness. The Gauls were no doubt flerce and stubborn foes, but they did not deserve extermination, and the punishments which Caesar inflicted upon some of the tribes were wantonly severe and can only be called shockingly in humane We do not forget that this cruelty was rather a note of the age than a peculiar charac teristic of Caesar. All the world was cruel in those days, and the Oriental natives were ever more so than the Western peoples. What is now understood by humanity really did not then exist. Human life was a drug, and human suffering pro-

voked no compassion.

At the same time Caesar must be held to some responsibility for his personal callousness, and worse, and it is a matter altogether beyond doubt that he held life very cheap, and made no effort to economize it in his military operations. do not forget that he frequently extended clemene to what might be called rebellious forces; that h set Pompeius a notable lesson in that regard that he went out of his way to convince th Romans of his comparative tender-heartedness But he was a statesman no less than a soldier and he had a clear purpose in this. When there was no such purpose to serve he gave free rein to his sanguinary impulses, and the Gallie wars show sufficiently to what lengths he was prepared to go when the question was of the fate o barbarian tribes. Hardness and insensibility of this kind, however, were in the very atmosphere of the Old World, and it was not to be expected that Caesar should be above and beyond his agin this, though in many respects he rose superio

As to his talents and abilities, no one of hi commentators is perhaps more enthusiastic that Mr. Dodge. So diverse are the judgments handed down respecting him that a man may be pardone for some uncertainty. For "he is charged by some with all the vices; he is credited by others with all the virtues; still others ascribe all vices and virtues to him. It has been the habit until of late years to look upon Caesar as 'the monster, which the many headed in Rome once dubbe bim. The pendulum has now swung back, and we are threatened with forgetfulness of what many Roman authors tell uc. Among others, Suctonia informs us that Caesar exhibited great animosity as a judge; that he resorted to bribery; that h was hasty and violent; that he was suspected of ridding himself of an enemy by poison; that he lent money without interest in order to cater friendship; that he plundered Lusitania at th point of the sword and robbed temples in Gaul that he was rapacious in character and extrava gant in language, and that he incurred the supicion of breeding a conspiracy to murder his opponents in the Senate and resort to a 'coup

Suctonius is certainly not an unbiassed nor trustworthy writer, and Mr. Dodge might as wel have pointed that fact out. The man never says any good of any one, and always magnifies evil reports and rumors. But the truth about Caesar extremists on either hand, and the world should be satisfied with belief in his genius and his states manship. Such men are, of course, exposed t hatred, and sometimes they deserve it too. So may it not be with Caesur? Mr. Dodge's life is an admirable composition on the whole, and fully worthy of the fine series in which it constitutes a distinguished feature.

### A VITAL PERIOD.

DR. SLOANE'S EXCELLENT HISTORY.

THE FRENCH WAR AND THE REVOLUTION. Pa William Milliam Sloane, Ph. D., L. H. D. With Maps. 12mo, pp. 409.

This is the second volume of "The American History Series," and it is more interesting, anpresents acuter and fresher views, than the volame on the Colonial era, which preceded it. The author has evidently taken very great pains with the work he has undertaken, and he has, above all, labored to set forth ideas which might afford something like a complete expla-nation of those frequently obscure influences and causes which are liable not only to be missed at the time of action, but to be overlooked subquently, even by keen and conscientious students. Dr. Sloane has to deal with the most significant and the most important epoch of American history-the period, that is to say, which wit-nessed the development of dismion between the mature recovered tone, as all healthy natures do, and colonies and the mother country, and that which saw this disunion swelled into all the proper

tions of war. It was the most critical stage in the histor of the country, and it must be regarded as cer tain that nothing less than the peculiar prepa ration which the colonies had been quite un consciously undergoing from their foundation could have enabled them to withstand the strain when the test came to be applied. For it was no ordinary conjunction of circumstances which recommended distraion, then rebellion, then sepa ration, to a people who, from the character their traditions, might have been thought too deeply grounded in loyalty and love to the parent country to venture upon so radically defian a course. But Dr. Sleane well points out that, "while there was another England in Amer ica, it was by no means the same England as that in Britain. The very presence of the colonists on foreign soil was, in great measure, a protest. They were still monarchical in theory, but their king was 3,000 miles away; they obeyed laws of their own making, the Test Act had no validity in their Commonwealths, and their immediate allegiance was to a taxing power instituted and controlled by themselves. feudalism nor priesteraft had made the voyage, and would have been stifled in the air of the wilderness if they had. Labor, too, was free; no mediaeval craft or guild could survive in a society where every man's labor was directed to what he must do, and not to what he wished to do or could do. Being in the main of Ger-manic blood, whether from England, Germany, Holland or Scandinavia, they were believers one religion. They were Caristians in the high est sense of that word, for the sensualism of the school of Locke and the deisan of Shaftesbur had left them untouched. Many had crossed the seas for a principle which they still cherished as their wost valuable possession, and their live were guided and fashioned under the influence of ideals which had long since disappeared or change

This long extract may be excused, because it shows with particular force and clearness the character of the author's reasoning, and the pene tration of the historic judgment brought to bear upon the early stages of American history. Without jest this light, morrever comparison would rest upon the most important of these beginnings; as, in fact, it has hitherto in the imperfect and erroneous conceptions of most Englishmen. These, at an early period, resolved to believe that the whole of the colonial position was explainable solely on the would not for a moment admit the possibility that Fugland had been in the wrong. On the contrary they insisted that she had been only too mag nanimous and indulgent, and that she was met the basest ingratitude. The world at large up be said to have got well over that stage of crud theory, but it would be a mistake to conclude that it was wholly abandoned, and even in an American text-book it is still desirable, it no necessary, for the fundamental truths of history to be put well and clearly in evidence.

among their kindred.

This is what Dr. Sleane has endeavored to do in the work before us, and as he strikes the keynote full and clear, so he carries on the narrative no less crisply and positively. The primary atland clearly goes to the very bottom of all the questions in dispute between the two countriesone might, even so far back, almost be warrante in saying the two nations. For the colonies had

and her institutions had stood still. The colonists, moreover, were in a special manner an elect people; hardened to suffering by persecution, sharpened to acuter reasoning by ceaseless disputation, accustomed to a measure of freedom which tation, accustomed to a measure of freedom which was valued in proportion to what it had cost. No doubt they were narrow and intolerant. That is to say that they had the defects of their virtues. But without that narrowness and that hardness they could have made no successful resistance to oppression; and without a certain narrowness they could not have concentrated as they did upon the vital work immediately before them. They must, therefore, be understood from the very outset, and to convey that understanding is one of the principal objects Dr. Sloane has set before him-

The general idea followed in the history by Dr Sloane may be gathered from some of his in troductory remarks when he observes that "the colonies, united in discontent by a general military control, nevertheless combine in measure. to loyally fight the American portion of the Seven Years' War, and by their victory free themselves both from fear of Indian savager, Thus emancipated, their next concern is commercial fiberty and freedom of trade. To this end is found, first the idea of allegiance not to Parliament, but to the Crown, as the expression of sovereignty; then the notion of representation as the necessary antecedent of internal taxation. concept which, in the form of no representation, no taxation, awakens the interest of English liberals, and produces eventually a new idea of representation. The next stage destroys the false distinction between imperial and internal taxation, displays the impossibility of American representation in Purliament, and announces the new docfrine, no representation no legislation."

This will serve to indicate the lines followed in the history, though it is not for a moment pretended that it affords more than a clew t the narrative. Professor Sloane writes from mind well made up on all the more important questions, and he has had the special advantage of some new light upon details of the early revolutionary period, due to the ventilation o blished material. He has, we con der, done the work intrusted to him with sig nal ability and a force which is in itself re freshing and inviting to confidence. A better short history of the vital period dealt with can, indeed, scarcely be expected, and if the forth coming volumes of this series are equally goit must and should take exceptionally high rank

### SACHARISSA.

THE STORY OF AN OLD-WORLD LOVE.

ACHARISSA: Some Account of Dorothy Sidney Countess of Sunderland; Her Family and Friends 1617-1684. By Julia Cartwight (Mrs. Henry Ady.) Svo. pp. vili, 314. Imported by Charle-

It is positively refreshing once in awhile to forsakhe tawdry newness of modernity and to plunge into uch a scene of antique romance and stately chivairy as constitutes the action and atmosphere of the storadmirably and sympathetically told in this volume The very name "Sacharlesa" recalls a period when storm and stress, just lowering upon old England. were about to convulse the realm; when many name-now embalmed in history were beginning to be us; when the cause of the White King was en listing the sympathies of some of the loyalest blood i the kingdom; when the great, glorious name of sid ney was beginning to be bruited abroad for wea nd for woe to most of those who bore it.

Those who recall, and that perhaps not without difficalty, the origin and the significance of the love vertain writer of poetry whose court reputation stood high and whose name was Walter. This young man belonged to an old Kentlsh family whose family seat was Groombridge. They had for many generation done good service to the State. So far back as the battle of Agincourt a Waller made captive Charles Inke of Orleans, and held him captive at Groetabridge for twenty years, in default of the payment of a for twenty years, in default of the payment of a fitting ranson. Since then the ancestral hall had grown by gradual accretion into a stately Tudor mandon, and there the family held their principal seat. Young Waller began his career by raming away with and marrying an helpes deatined by the lawsy with and marrying an helpes deatined by the lawsy with and marrying an hence he last the laws the last the laws to be used to carry the property of the committee named to carry the savereign for another fate, and hence he lost the royal favor for a time, and consequently retired to his country estates and lived in peace and contentfrom the madding crowd,"

But his happiness was of brief duration. But two years had elapsed when his young wife sickened and died, and at twenty-four Waller was a widower. For a time-some two years-he was toconsolable and and at once fell under her spell. Waller as a poe-has long since crased to bear a high rank, and to speak frankly there is in his verse much institutive. But he courted his dear Sacharissa in verse, and the best he has written is inscribed to her, and has really cafted her name and the fame of her beauty nero the centuries. And not a few of Waller's verses to Sacharissa are the truest poetry, and such poetry as ven lovers in these degenerate days have lost the

ceret of.
Take for example that "Song to the Rose" (which Mrs. Adv praises none too highly) as an illustration of grace and beauty. There are few posts, older or vonner than its author, who can surpass those Hossians, Ady thinks that "no life of Sacharlesa would be complete without them," and we may take a leaf from her rotel-ook by following her example:

Go, lovely Rese!
Tell her that wastes her time and me
That now she knows
When I re-emble her to thee
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young
And shins to have her graces spy'd,
That hadst thou sprang
in deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died,

Small is the worth
Of bendy from the light retir'd;
Idd her come forth,
Suffer herself to be descried.
And not thich so to be admired.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare 'I
May read in thee
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous aweet and fair."

"These verses," says Mrs. Ady, "recall a charm ing ministure as Pershurst, where she is painted it a blue gown, wearing a white rose in her hair. So she appeared in the eyes of her lover, some bright June morning, when the beaches were decked in brilliant verdure, and the adolitingale sang from every bough. Then the poet, stirred at the sight of her leveliness, placked a reached from the garden and gave it to her with these verses." It is pretty to think so, at all events; but the truth is rubless sentiment, and, slay there is no ground for believing that the beautiful Dorothy really retained the ing that the result over. He sang, and continued to sing. But the remained, so for as can be known, fancy free. We do not even know the exact period of the cacharism poems. It is conjectured to have been between 1604 and 1656; that is to say, from about Decaby's seventeenth year until shortly be fore her muttage with the Earl of Sunderland, which naturally put an end to the illustons of the

poer peet.

He did not break his heart over the disappoint ment. Few lovers, even though they are poets, do so. But it deckened his life for some years, and doubtless made bim all the more cager to seek in the political excitement of those storms days the forget-fulners, if not the peace of mind, he had lost through suckarism. As to her, the chronicle lears her far prought in contact, and she made Sunderland a loyal and devoted wife. But disasters thickened around her family, and in the coming days she was destined to loss first one and then another of her relative, and friends. They fell on the equifold and spon the field of battle. There was no longer any certainty shout life ir fortune. The beautiful Counters 62d her heat to follow her form in his perils, but fate took him, and she was left.
Sacharissa was in her later years a name no longer

sorrows, and acquainted with grief, and so she went slowly down to her grave, holding out bravely to the last, sidney's sister through everything and a meet spouse for her honorable consort. Those years were full of sadness in many, may, in almost all ways, bu they were nobly borne, and the present chronicle has set the record down with sufficient tact and discretion.

### LITERARY NOTES.

George Washington's unpublished autograph narralive of the Braddock Campaign is to open the Exhibition Number of "Scribner.

A book of essays by Henry James will shortly be published by the Harpers under the title of "Picture and Text."

Mr. James knew the late Fanny Kemble well and has written for publication some reminiscences of her. Mr. William Winter's eulogy on George William

Curtis delivered at Staten Island, on the birthday of Curtis, is to be published this week in book form by The same firm is about to bring out William Wat-

son's daring poem, "The Eloping Angels"; and a second edition of Mr. Watson's "Collected Poems." There are some interesting facts connected with

Dickens's "David Copperfield" (the new edition of which the Macmillans have lately published) which have been revealed by Charles Dickens, the younger. "I have," he says, "my mother's authority for say-ing—she told me at the time of the publication of Mr. Forster's first volume, and asked me to make the fact public, if, after her death, an opportunity should arise that the story was eventually read to her in strict onfidence by my father, who, at the time, intimated his intention of publishing it by and by as a portion of his autobiography. From this purpose she endeav ered to dissuade him, on the ground that he had spoken with undue harshness of his father, and especially of his mother; and with so much success that he eventually decided that he would be satisfied with working it into 'David Copperfield,' and would give up the idea of publishing it as it stood. How, after this, the story came to be given to the public I do not know; but I have always thought it a pity that Mr. Forster did not exercise some of the discre-tion which is always supposed to be left to biograph-ers, but which, unfortunately, they do not always think fit to employ, by omitting the half-dozen or so think fit to employ, by omitting the nati-dozen of so lines, which cannot but have come as a shock to most people, and the deletion of which would not have affected the interest or value of the story in the slightest degree. That Mr. Forster did not know what had passed between my father and mother as to this matter I think most probable. That he did not take any steps to find out I know to be a fact."

The two forthcoming volumes of "Selections" from Ruskin's works have the special sanction of the author. Two portraits of Mr. Ruskin will be included in them, and besides the ordinary edition there will be a limited one on Arnold's unbleached, handmade

The theory of a novellst's inspiration is in som measure supported by Maarten Maartens in a note resenting a critic's "dreadful imputation" of a motive" to his strong novel, "God's Fool," "The work," the author says, "was complete before I had learnt the lesson of its (purely) fictitions hero. or surnamed him 'God's Fool.'

lished as a serial. It is called "The Greater Glore, Mrs. Oliphant, the novelist, has prepared for "The Century "a series of four historical papers on the time of Queen Anne. The first article, on "The Princess Anne," will appear in the April number.

The Russian publishers do not intend to allow authors to interfere with their business. They have petitioned the Minister of the Interior to impose a special tax on the works of all authors who act as their own publishers.

The head of the famous London bookshop-"Hatch

ard's," in Piccadilly-notes a marked advance in book istness among English women. Asked to what he attributed this, he answered that he thought it to some extent a result of the American woman English society-the fair American leading her Eng il-h sister. "I take it as generally accepted, added, "that the average American woman of educa-tion is more books,h-cares more for books as booksthan the average educated English woman, although she does not, it may be, read more."

Mr. Kipling is said to be contemplating a new vol ume of verse on the lines of "Barrack-Room Ballads, the success of which has delighted him.

graveyard where he is buried. His grave has never Dwight is one of the committee named to carry the plan into effect.

A collection of letters written by George Eliot will be sold in London next month by Mr. Main, the the leading pictures in this exhibition. The first of friend to whom they were addressed. Many of these the two is the fruit of effort concentrated during letters refer to her own literary work. In one, dated september 11, 1971, she writes: "Perhaps you do not imagine me as a writer who suffers much from self-distrust and despondency. If I had not had a Mr. Hitchcock has brought forward in this country bushed who is recognized with the country to the country bushed who is recognized with the country to the countr me to bring myself into print. Especially as I have the conviction that excessive literary production is a social offence!" In another she says: "Every one who contributes to the 'too much' of literature is doing grave social injury, and that thought naturally makes me anxious." In reference to a review of he books she observes: "If it were my haldt to read stuff of this kind the effect would be very injurious to me, and I shall not tuste of that cup again for a long while." "I can't help wondering at the high estimate made of 'Middlemarch' in proportion to my cong waite." I can't help wondering at the high estimate made of 'Middlemarch' in proportion to my other books. I suppose the depressed state of my health makes my writing seem more than usually below the mark of my desires."

The modern public of "cuiture" does not comitself to the taste of that pleasant critic, Mr. H. D. Traill. It "will not tolerate eccentricity," he says, except when it is accompanied with obscurity. Thu recommended to them, they will stand any amount of it. A writer may be as flighty, as disjointed, as perverse, as extravagant as he pleases if he will only take care to be also unintelligible." Perhaps Mr.

Two novels with queer titles are coming from th Macmillan press. One is "The Great Chin Episode," by Paul Cushing; the other is "The Odd Women," by George Glading.

George Gloding.

In the little volume of lectures by Henry Irving. just published, is a story which illustrates the actor motte, "While trifles make perfection, perfection is no trifle," "This lesson was enjoined on me when ! was a very young man," he says, "by that re markable actress, Charlotte Cushman. I remember that, when she played Meg Merrilles, I was east for Heavy Bertram, on the principle, seemingly, that an actor with no singing voice is admirably fitted for a singing part. It was my duty to give Meg Merrilies a piece of money, and I did it after the traditional a piece of money, and I did it after the traditional fashipu of handing her a large purse full of coin of the realm, in the shape of broken crockery, which was generally used in financial transactions on the stage. But after the play Miss Cushman, in the course of some kindly advice, said to me: 'Instead of giving me that purse, don't you think it would have been much more natural if you had take number of coins from your pocket and given me the smallest? That is the way one gives alms to a beg gar and it would have added to the realism of the scene.' I have never forgotten that lesson."

#### LAMB'S EPITAPH FOR MARY DRUITT From Notes and Queries.

The following extract from "An Old Man's Diary," by John Payne Collier, only twenty-five copies of thich, it is sild, were printed may prove an acceptable addition to the innumerable articles and information concerning Elia which have appeared in "Notes and Queries" at various times:

and Queries at various times:

"Feb. 17, 1832.—I quote the following from the original manuscript: It is by Charles Lamb, engraved upon the tomb of his first love—perhaps his last, she died at the age of 19, Lamb being a trifle younger. The lines deserve preservation, if only for the sake of the gentle, suffering author. " Epitaph for Mary Drutt.

\*Buried at Wimborne, Dorset, aged 19. "Tuder this cold marble stone Sleep the sad remains of one Who, when alive, by few or none Was loved, as she might have been by lovers many, rich I ween. If she prosperous days laid seen. " only this funerest stone. Tells the simple grief of one. That loved her, and her alone.

"I am not aware of. P. C. continues; that the al-has been printed, certainly not in the edition of lam Works is 1818; nor do I find that the same of young lady has been elsewhere recorded. I have he from my mother that Mary Druitt died of the smi pex, and she must have had the statement from Ma Lamb."

Lamb."

The date of this would probably be about 1795, nearly a hundred years ago, and it would be interesting to know whether the gravestone and its epitaph are yet in existence at Wimborne Minster.

Detroit and all points in Michigan reached by th

# THE CHRONICLE OF ARTS.

EXHIBITIONS AND OTHER TOPICS.

SALES IN PROSPECT-THE KNOEDLER AND BLAKE LEE COLLECTIONS-SOME NEW PICTURES BY GEORGE HITCHCOCK-

OTHER ATTRACTIONS IN THE SMALLER GALLERIES.

The Spring Academy, which was reviewed in The Tribane last Friday, will be opened to the public to-morrow morning. There will be no other opening of importance until next Friday, when the Colman collection, now at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries will be succeeded there by the pictures belonging to Plakeslee & Company, and to be sold at auction at Chickering Hall on April I and 5 by order of the trustees of the firm.
This sale will throw upon the market a miscellaneous this sale will be a sale of the paintings, including a number by the painters of Barbizon, a few by foreigners less frequently seen here than the latter-Conture, Bargue and Richard Wilson; a dozen or so by such as Chase, Weeks, Eunce and Healy (who is represented by a portrait of H. M. Stanley), and numerous pictures bearing the well-known names of the sale rooms, Van Marcke, Kaemmerer, Vollon, Detaille, and so on through a list more French than otherwise. The Blakeslees are not the only dealers who will dispose of their works of art by auction in the near future. Knoedler & Company are to sell all their paintings at Chickering Hall on the evenings of April 11, 12, 13 and 14. Prior to the sale the pictures which represent in the neighborhood of 100 foreig and American artists, will be exhibited at the American Art Galleries. The date of the opening of this exhibition has not yet been announced. Next Saturday and Sunday the New-York Athletic Club will hold its annual exhibition of paintings. At the gallery of Boussod, Valadon & Company

there was held yesterday a private view of an ex-hibition of oil paintings by Mr. George Hitchcock, which will remain open until the 8th of next month. It will do much to enhance the reputation of an artist whose studies in pastel have made him very favorably known and whose works in oil, when they have now and then been shown here, have illustrated a degree of manual ability and a delicacy of taste in color which have also been speedily recognized. This is the first occasion upon which he has exhibited in America so large a number of examples of his work in oils—there are twenty-one canvases on the walls and so many serious compositions carried out on a generous scafe. The last time he exhibited in New-York his pictures were chiefly of Spain. This time they depict scenes in Holland, the country in which he has done facet of his work and in which, we think, he has done best. Frequently painting the figure, painting it well, and, as in the most important work in this exhibition, pointing it sometimes with ar esoteric purpose, he has pre-eminently, nevertheless, the skies and dunes and tulip beds of Holland that he has thus far proved himself most accomplished If his figure work has less charm it is not because it is less well executed, but because it has fewer o A new novel by Mr. Maartens is soon to be published which excite sympathy than his landglimpses late the very essence of the Datch country. into the windy freshness of its moors, into the sensu-cus heatity of its gardens flaming with tulips, into he more vivid coloristic effects of a land which, though peculiarly Northern, is yet not always as dell as men like Jargels and Mesdag would have us believe. He has arrested the tone and the atmos-phere of Holland in his landscapes and has left im-pressions which are delightful because they seem to moved from the potentiality of Nature herself. Through his figure-pieces he has made us familiar with a picturesque, artistic version of the Dutch peasant type, and when he has rested content with this he has scored a distinct success. When he has endeavored to invest that type with spiritual, re-tigious significance either the type or his own power has failed him and he has interested, pleased, provoked a vast amount of admiration, but not charmed. This is not surprising, for he has undertaken an enormously difficult thing. Confining our observa-tions to modern art. Unde is the only painter who has succeeded in putting gennine, convincing pathos and feeling into religious compositions based on the figures of latter-day peasant life. He has succeeded by virtue of extraordinarily sensitive faculties of analysis and observation. Mr. Hitchcock observes. He apprehend that which lies just beyond the domain of analysis and observation, but which can be cap-tured by a searcher in that domain who is qualified to overstep it by temperament, by imagination? For an answer to these interrogations we may turn

here years and is a most thoughtfully balanced and finished composition. Technically, and as a study powdered with datses and other flowers. She babe in her arms. Her gown is of figured green sinf, her cloak a quiet purple, and around her ampl white head-dress there is a halo. Just behind her a hedge gay with pink blossoms separates the inwhites are only just visible, and above which there looms a windmill on the left, balanced by a cottage on the right. Eliminate the halo and it would be difficult to match the pleture as a decorative study in realism. At most poin's Mr. Hitchcock is an ad mirably equipped artist. In the modelling and place ing of his figure he has exercised highly cultivated still; both the central figure of his canvas and the surroundings are handled with ease and force. He has fine color and he has what is even more rare, an original style. As far as executive facility and the more personal attribute to which we have referred can make it so, the picture is decidedly beautiful. Into the face of the Madonna, however it does not appear to us that the artist has had the art to put more than a dim suggestion of meditation and wonder heightening the comeliness of a simple peasant. Possibly such a face may answer to some ideals of the Mother of Our Lord. We find it not in the least affecting as a work of religious art, not in the least capable of lifting the imagination above the every-day realism of the model's environment "The Flight Into Egypt" is no more convincing.
If is a fine design brilliantly rendered, and in it Mr.
Hitchcock has come nearer, perhaps, to the spiritualized effect for which he is seeking than in "The Blessed Mother." The weak woman riding slowly over the danes and the man tradging a few paces in the rear make a group that is vaguely and seriously close analysis except as a mere woman of modern Holland. As such a figure the is more than satisfy-Holland. As such a many ing and especially when she reappears in the breezy landscape, presumably entitled "The Goose-Girl," which completes the trio of Mr. Hitchcock's larger pictures. In this work he is at his best unquaitife iv. In this he paints the distant blue horizon, with its faintly outlined mills and spires, the wide plain of grass and stubble, the flock of geese guarded by the knitting peasant, whose skirts fly in the cool wind; the old mill in the middle distance and the big blue sky with its milky clouds-he paints all this with an irresistible touch of realism and deeply felt autdoor vitality. Given such a theme as he has in this picture and he is plainly a perfect master of his materials.

The group of ten or twelve small paintings of

landscape which accompany the larger works, some of them preliminary studies for the latter, corroborate this judgment. Never in the pictures he has exhibited in New-York has he been more artistic and verselous, more quickly provocative of sympathy. than in these unassuming sketcher of hyacinths and tulips, and of landscape in which sand and wisny grass are lit here and there by stray blossoms. Most of the small canvanes are daylight studies, but there is one picture of late afternoon finely charged with sombre atmosphere, and there is a moonlight scene with sheep which is very true in the feeling for the Altogether Mr. Hitchcock is a painter with whose work it is profitable to become more and more acquainted. His Medonaus may not be very moving. but for the rest his are reflects an individuality of

There are new pictures hanging in several of the minor galleries uptown. The Messes, Darand-Ruel have imported three interesting examples of Rousseau and two landscapes by Corot, of which one was done in Naples and the other in France, but wider bett date from practically the same period and possess equally the charm which he owed to bis early Italian experiences, the vaguely classic, poetic atmosphere correcting the rather heavy breadth of handling which he shook off as he progressed in his art. Most arge "Retour du Marche" by Troyon, a canvas of 1862 from a noted Dutch collection and more than ordinarily impressive because it has in the disposition

a supreme naturalness and animajon, recalling per-fectly the bustle of a party returning from the an-ket with its cattle and talking ever its burgain, which Troyou failed to get often he the very good reason that he seldom tried in just this way. The execution also is above the average of the works by Troyon seen in the ordinary collection of the day.

Further down Fifth-ave., at Mr. Macbeth's galler,

Further down Fifth-ave., at Mr. Macbeth's galler, there are twenty-five or thirty water-colors by modern Dutchmen. In a few cases they bar well-known names, like Van s'Gravesande, Neuhiys, Kever as names, like Van s'Gravesaune, Schungs, Mesdag. The rest are signed by a number of artis whose fame is still to make here—La Ritiere, Welland, whose fame is still to make here—La Ritiere, Welland, whose fame is still to make here—La Ritiere, Welland, Van Hulsteyn, Lindo and some others. A stree scene by the first of these men, a flewer-plece b Van Hulsteyn and a picture of a forge by Wel come nearest to the marine by Mesdag and the last scapes by Nenhuys, which are the best things in the collection. The greater number of the water-color are fair, but not particularly interesting. They are examples of good craftsmanship. In the window of the Reichard Gallery near by there is a new pictur-by Mr. Homer, a study of a fox fleeing through the deep snow on the sea coast, with huge crows hove-ing expectantly above him. Like every new picture of Mr. Homer, it trings a new composition put on the canvas with immense energy and with unwave-ing directness. It is as full of the chill and movement of the winter coast, too, as any of his previous Maine pictures have been. It is a strong work, not very beautiful, but perhaps more so than its present badly lighted position permits us to perceive. Mr. Keppel has filled his gallery in Sixteenth-st, with more than a score of landscapes by Mr. G. H. Sm intelligent and industrious artist, whose pictures New-England scenery are not brilliant, such worth, nevertheless, as is insured by the preservation of obvious truths in a style which is none the less free from having close limitations.

### RALPH THE ROVER

"Here, Ralph! Ralph! Hi. you scamp! Come had here, sir! There, he's gone! Off for a two ce three days' tramp again. Beg pardon, sr. I dida't see you. I was that busy callin' the dog, I recken I nearly waiked over you. The matter, sir! Well, it's that dog, Ralph. You heard me call him, I dare my. A grander old fellow you couldn't find in a day's travel, but he has one bad habit. Most human have more than that, and I aln't sure in my own mind that he ain't human.

"The habit! Well, it's just this' he will foliog every blessed old tramp as passes here, and keep followin' 'em, sometimes for two or three days. He's a queer one. Did you notice him just now! bidn't see him? Well, he keeps just far enough behind the fellows so they won't drive him backsolidin', sniffin' along, and kind of castin' his estock to let me know he's hearin' me, but not heeding me. Just the same way he acts every time he goes off. He'll be back all right when he does come; and he's been actin' that way ever since I've had him. Stolen? Why, sir, I don't believe the one's livin' could steal him or fasten him up ever so tight he couldn't get back, ever since—an' a right queer way I got him, too.

"Is he mine? Well, yes, in one way; an' then no, in another. It was a queer story anyway.

"Tell it, sir! Well, if I had time I might. Ah, shank you, sir! A line gentleman like you can afford to be generous.

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"Tell It, sir! Well, if I had time I might. Ah, hank you, sir! A line gentleman like you can afford to be generous.

"Now, let me see! As near as I remember, it was June, two years ago, as I came downstairs rather early one morning to light the fire for my old woman, she warn't very strong then; the youngster there was enly a couple of months old, an' I was gettin' the things all landy for her to get breakfast. When she come down the fire was lightin' on' the kettle singin'—for loy of sechn' her, I'm thinkin'.

"Mollie was always a goest one for fresh air, so as soon as she saw that everythin' was goin' right in the kitchen she walks to the frent door, turns the key an' opens it.

"Well, quick as a flash she came runnin' back to me with her face kind of white an' scared.

"Oh, Jim, come out here to the door! Quick!" says she.

"Ao' when I followed her blessed if I don't see

key an' opens !!.

"Well, quick as a finsh she came runnin' back to me with her face kind of white an' seared.

"Oh, Jim, come out here to the door! Quick!" says she.

"An' when I followed her blessed if I don't see the runmest sight I ever did, an' there I stood, starin' like an ape.

"You see, these seats on the porch are rather com'or'ble to sit on, an' with the vines hangin' over this way makes it most as shut in and quietike is a bedroom; then the posts here and at the corner form good rests for the back. Well, anyhow, good or bad, right here, a leanth' back in the most facom'blet way, was the tramplest looking tramp I ever asw, sound askeep. An' on the seat beside him with his head on the man's lap, was the dandlest setter I ever expect to see. A valisble dog, sir, too, as I knew soom as I set eves on him. I always know a good dog, being rather in the sporting line myself, an' this was a genuine Gordon setter.

"Well, sir, I suppose I must have said somethin' with surprise, for to wake them up. The dog turned the solem'est eyes round to me, askin' me not to make so much noise; an' the man, all rags an' tatters, vawned an' set up. An' then, seein' Mollie right behind me, I'll be shot, sir, if he ddin't stand up, take off his piece of a hat to her, and begin to appoiergise for settin' on our doorstep. Said hed been "overcome with fateek." My eye! For the manners of him I could hardly believe he weren't a swell cove, dressed in the latest fashion, with a fall-blooded stepper at the gate waitin' for him.

"I know I must have stared at him considerable but, bless you, Mollie didn't spead no time a-starin' till she'd asked him into the kitchen, an' when the breakths was ready she gave him an' his dog, too, a good one.

"His feet were blistered with aman' in shoes that left half of his feet outdoors an' half in; an' as he could scarcely take a sten was made him stay with us a day or so till they got better; but he couldn't seen hands all blistered an' bloedin'. That give him away afroid be under him in his head

an' that was the last evening he was here.

"The dog was sittin' beside him, with his head restin' on Robert's knee, when I says, kind of suddenlike!

"I bet Ralph's a very vallyble dog, Robert."

"Yes, yes,' he says, sort of slow, 'too vallyble,' stroking Ralph's head with a lovin' hand, while the dog looked at him with just as much love. Twas the humanest eves you would ever see, sit.

"He's worth a great deal of money,' he said again, after a monaeut's thinkin'. I am very sorry for it sometimes. I've been in many hard straits at times, and I've been afraid—ay, afraid of myself—that I'd be tempted to sell him. Not while I was myself, old file-low, you understand, but when I was the brute I sometimes am."

"By George, sir! you wouldn't believe it. I dare say but I take my affydays that dog looked up, sort of sadlike, and shook his head.

"To make the story short—though, all told, it was not so very long—when we came downstairs the next morning Ralph lay on the floor guardin' his master's stick but his master wasn't nowhere round.

"Tell me the dog didn't know! He knew as well as we did why it was done; that the master be loved an' who loved him had beft him, but he had been toll to watch the stick, an' with the satdest eves an' droopin' he lay there all day long. An' I traly believe If we hadn't got the stick away from him an' lurned it he'd 'a' been watchin' it yet.

"An' his master! Yes, sir; gone—clean gone. An' the've never hear! a wert of him since. Ungrateful! No, sir; I don't take it so. I think master is himself, you see, an' so he left him when way I see it anyhow. An' tien he got so far ayar hefore the riog would quit watchin' that the scent was lost for paor Ralph. But he ain't never give us. Not a day, 4r!

"Do! Well, there's not a tramp comes past free and the worse looking they are the wider he was in the wind of the low of he had here than I have down here he ain't comin' to his master, when it was a film and the work here he man't comin' to his master, when it was a film and the past after them

always turns up all right when he has settled matter.

"Why, ain't that him now, a-snifin along the other road? Of course it is. Well, now, how'd he get over there, I wonder; seems as if he was scendar somethin', don't it?

"Hi. Ralph! Ralph! Ah! there he comes, boundin' along towards us just as he used to so for his master. Looks as if he thought he could faid him, sure. See, now! Ahn't he a benuty!

"Here, Ralph! Good old feltow! Come here, sir! Eh! What! Straight for you, sir, he's gook without a look for me! All over you in a mustle without a look for me! All over you in a fine gentleman like you! What! you, you, sir, well, the some sentence in the specific s

## THE ORATOR'S RAGE.

From The Manchester Times.

A few weeks ago a Radical speaker had collected an audence under the trees in flyde Park, and was bottly urging anarchical principles upon them, when a brougham passed in which sat a white-haired old mass from the fine horses, the flycried servants, the crest upon the fine horses, the flycried servants, the crest upon the door, all kindled the orator's rage to a white heat the poor; "There is one of the tyrants who fatten a stricked. "There is one of the tyrants who fatten a burst of laughter. The old man in the brougham were of the most beloved men in England, known one of the influence of the most beloved men in England, known of the tyroughout the kingdom for his charities, increased throughout the kingdom for his charities, increased efforts, and large expenditures of money to poor and laboring class.